

# Good Morning 369

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Unknown Space

## "Wonder Eye" will search Secrets of

(By J. S. Newcombe)

ON Mount Palomar, 45 miles from San Diego, in California, the most powerful eye known to man is ready to open. It is the giant £2,000,000 telescope which the Americans started to build in 1928, and soon it will reveal secrets of space which may change human thought for ever.

This marvellous eye will see 1,000,000,000 light-years into space, and one light-year means the number of miles light travels in a year, keeping up a steady million miles every five seconds!

To reduce that to simple terms, the telescope could see the light of a candle 6,000 miles away. With an uninterrupted view of the River Thames, across 7,000 miles of America and the Atlantic Ocean, it could sight an English coasting steamer as though it were 14 feet distant. And if there's a cricket pitch on the moon, it'd see that, too.

In a word, man will learn whether the universe is finite or infinite; whether the Expanding Universe is just a crazy mathematical dream.

There's a romantic story behind this wonder, built for a sum of money which would pay for twenty minutes' running of the present war.

It developed from a magazine article. Dr. Hale, who used to be Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory, where the biggest telescope in present use is mounted, was asked by an American magazine to write them something on astronomy.

He chose as his subject "The Possibilities of Large Telescopes."

A fortnight after the article appeared in print came an offer of ten million dollars to construct a 200in. telescope. (The Wilson lens has a diameter of 100in.)

Never before had a magazine feature brought so fruitful and unexpected a result.

Of course, it was one thing to say here's a lot of money and let's build a colossal tele-

scope, and quite another to build it. Hundreds of optical and mechanical problems had to be solved.

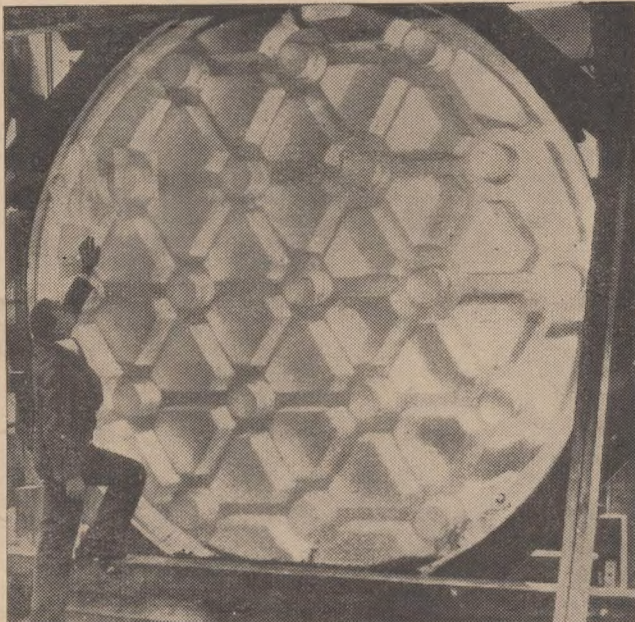
There are not many places in the world—and those only in parts of California and South Africa—where a great telescope could be used effectively. The site must be away from artificial lights. The sky above must be the

darkest possible, and there must be both a large amount of clear sky and great atmospheric steadiness.

When people say, after hearing of the American telescopes, "Why can't we have telescopes as big or even bigger in Britain?" they should be told that, unfortunately, there isn't any place in the British Isles where even a 100in. telescope could be used.

The first difficulty the Americans had to overcome was to cast the lens. A glass disc weighing 20 tons and nearly 17

### The Giant Lens



feet in diameter presents major problems. Glass is a bad conductor of heat, and the outer portion cools while the interior is still molten. As the interior cools it contracts, and causes the whole mass to shiver into fragments.

When the Corning Glass Works in New York State started at seventeen minutes past seven on a raw Sunday morning in December, 1934, on the labour of making the world's largest eye, they reckoned they had found answers to all the difficulties the job presented.

What kind of glass to use? Plate glass was useless. Fused quartz was better, but far too costly.

They decided upon the homely pyrex.

Every housewife knows that her pyrex dishes can be cooled rapidly without fear of their cracking, and the reason is that the contraction of this kind of glass is only one-third of that of plate glass.

The glass was put in an oven something like an Eskimo igloo and brought to a temperature of 2,800 degrees Fahrenheit—a process which took three weeks.

The disc was cast in a mould with a webbed structure at its back to give rigidity, and then kept in a heated furnace, with the temperature cooling so gradually that at any time the temperature throughout the entire block of glass was to all intents uniform.

A few weeks short of a year, and the cooling was finished.



Lieut. Henry C. Gowan—  
Marjorie and Carol Ann  
Send Their Love from Eire

But two disasters threatened to destroy the patient work of months. First was an earthquake, and second was a serious flood which brought the waters almost to the level of the annealing oven.

At the critical moment, when it seemed the disc was doomed, the flood began to subside.

The oven was opened. The disc was in one piece—the largest block of glass ever made. We may say the makers were lucky, for later attempts to cast much smaller discs have been unsuccessful.

The next problem was how to transport the block of glass 3,000 miles from New York State to California.

A special railway truck was constructed. A survey of the route showed that at certain tunnels and bridges there was a clearance of barely three inches. But the disc was packed in cushions of compressed cork; the train moved at a walking pace; and the

treasure reached California safely.

After grinding and polishing to spherical shape, it then had to be changed to the paraboloidal shape necessary that the light may be brought to a sharp focus. This was a tedious job which took two years.

If the grinding heated the glass there would be a risk of distortion. It had to be done in short working periods between long intervals. At no point of the surface of the finished mirror must the actual shape deviate from the theoretically perfect shape by more than one-millionth of an inch.

A finer measurement than the one-millionth of an inch was the aluminium reflecting surface which was affixed to the lens. The thickness of the aluminium film was one-four-millionths.

The sole purpose of the mighty glass disc was to provide a support for this reflecting film.

While all this business of the disc was going on, they were building a suitable home for it on Mount Palomar. A telescope cylinder 70 feet long and 800 tons of rotating machinery were installed. A maze of electrical and photographic apparatus was set up.

Around the tower housing the telescope lies a miniature city, complete with wireless station, a water reservoir, and a landing field for the scientists' aeroplanes.

Don't run away with the idea that an astronomer peering through his eyepiece will be able to gaze trillions of miles into space. The telescope will be used only to take photographs.

The photographic plate can store up impressions that the human eye cannot. After an exposure of six hours, for instance, it will reveal things not recorded in three hours.

Many of the objects to be photographed are so faint that even this colossal telescope could not show them to the human eye.

It is certain that some of those objects will be of so far-reaching and sensational a nature that we shall have to change radically our present ideas about the heavens and man's place in them.

## Here's Hot News—on Bigger Beards

CAN you keep your hair on? I'm enquiring about your scalp, not your temper?

Baldness and beards are still among the world's great mysteries. A group of eminent medical scientists have counted the hairs on the average head and chin, and discovered that they number 100,000, but they cannot explain why one man in three loses his hair before or during middle-age, or why one man can grow a bushy beard while another produces chick-fluff.

Beard and scalp together, at least 50 hairs fall into the average comb every day, and are often satisfactorily replaced. Yet in one case in three the hairs fall faster than they grow—and presently they cease growing.

Naturally, science, numbering many beavers and bald-heads in its ranks, has been anxious to solve this queer riddle, and many intriguing but red-herring trails have been followed.

As so few women lose their hair, it was thought at first that the sex glands would prove to be guilty parties. Tough but bald-headed he-men were given serums embodying the feminine glandular qualities, but the results revealed exactly nil. Their scalps remained polished. Then it was discovered that if children are given minute quantities of thallium acetate, a poisonous

drug, they lose all their hair.

Adults taking more of the same drug lose only the hair on top of the head. The queer point is that thallium acetate affects the sympathetic nervous system, and it looks as if the scalp growth is also influenced by the sympathetic nerves. Yet if it was as simple as that, scientists themselves wouldn't go grey!

In some families, premature blanching is hereditary. And your hair doesn't come out by the roots, because there aren't any roots. The hair-shaft grows from a socket in the scalp, surrounded by vital cells. If a hair falls out, another one will grow, provided the cells are undamaged.

Did you know that a crop of hair lasts from two to four years? Or that the value of singeing is doubtful? When the medical experts took over, they disproved a lot of barber-shop tales. Far from silk-fine hair being linked with genius, it is common among convicts!

A specialist in hair health, Dr. Herman Goodman, carried out a series of unusual experiments by employing a transparent hat made largely of magnifying glass.

He carefully watched the result of tight headgear on

From Ron Garth

various patients, and, almost without exception, they perspired. The natural oil was washed away from their hair, which became dry and brittle and broke off. Yet the hair continued to grow in eight of the twelve cases under experiment.

The link between hair and emotion appears evident. Musicians generally never have to worry about baldness. The best conductors have beards.

Worry can really turn hair white. Emotion provokes adverse glandular emotion, and the glands in their turn can turn hair grey by refusing to manufacture colouring pigment.

Strange gadgets and machines have been devised to assist in growing hair. One machine fits over the head and alternatively by vacuum and blowing sucks and kneads the scalp. One hundred per cent. successes are claimed for it.

The fact remains that scientists cannot yet explain the riddle of baldness or beards. They can only advise vigorous hair-brushing and good hours of sleep as antidotes against the shiny pate. And—psst!—they say combing helps the beard!



## Osprey likes his Carpet

THAT large fishing-hawk, the osprey, is not much sought after by Zoological Gardens, for he doesn't thrive in activity. The London Zoo gave house to one found on the River Arun in Sussex last year out of sheer kindness of heart, knowing that he probably wouldn't last long, but determined to do their best for the wanderer.

He was put into a big cage in the birds-of-prey aviary and for a time did pretty well. Now he seems to be developing "bumblefoot." It is a serious affliction common to many captive birds, including penguins.

To check this tendency, the osprey's keeper has put down a carpet of straw.

The trouble is that the bird spends much of his time standing on the hard cold floor of the aviary.

Usually, this two-foot long brown - and - white hawk builds his nest in a tree. It is a very large nest made with sticks lined with moss, and is always found near water, for the osprey feeds entirely on fish.

He will soar to a great height, there to watch for his prey. When spotted, he darts down with lightning speed and seizes the fish with his claws.

The Zoo people know him for a dainty eater. He takes the fish in one claw and pecks at the eyes and soft flesh of the body. Neatly laying aside the bones and fins; he then flies up to his perch while the keeper clears away the pieces.

Your letters are  
welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1



# The Secret of the Passage

## PART 9

TO his surprise, Martin found, on arriving home, that his sister, Madge, had returned. Things were going to be difficult, with the treasure hunt at this critical stage. It was Anstice's secret: he could not share it with Madge; and Madge, he knew well, had her suspicions.

"You're pretty wet," she said. "Here—take your mack off."

She pulled him out of it, exclaiming at the sodden, dripping garment.

"Hullo!" Madge swung round quickly. From the mackintosh which she was spreading out, two gold coins fell with a tiny clink to the floor.

"Oh, Martin!"

It was almost a reproach. He could not meet her gaze, but stood looking at the dark boards, shifting from one foot to the other.

"Martin, you have found something. There is something on. Oh, do tell me."

He moved towards the staircase.

"Er—I think I'd better go—"

"Anstice is in it."

He turned in amazement. "How did you know that?"

"From something Gregory Pyne said at the station this morning. Martin, what is it?"

He told her to ask Anstice.

"Go along now," he said. Two hours later, Madge was back.

When she came into his room Martin looked at her in amazement. She looked young again.

Her face was glowing, her eyes were bright, and she moved with poise and determination.

She flung herself on the couch beside the fire and reached for a cigarette.

"Well, Martin—this is grand."

He smiled at her enthusiasm.

"She's told you everything?"

## Cornishman's Gold

By Anthony Mawes

"Everything."

"It's a rum business, isn't it? Bealing, Watson, Morrow, and all the rest of it?"

"It is indeed. You know, Martin—they know something we don't."

"Who? Bealing and Watson?"

"M'm. I believe they know the other end of the passage. In fact, I'm pretty sure of it. Bealing was much too anxious to show me all over the cellar."

"Bealing? The cellar?"

"Yes; I got Pendrew to take me all over the house. We found Bealing down there doing carpentry."

Martin laughed too, then nodded thoughtfully.

"Oho," he observed. "The cellar. That's rather what we thought. Well—the next thing, I suppose, if we can manage it, is to get down there and have a look round."

Madge looked briskly at her watch.

"In another four and a half hours," she said, "Anstice will be doing so. She's coming round early in the morning, to consult me about some—knitting. You didn't know I could knit, did you, Martin? Then she can tell us all about it, and we'll know just what to do next."

ANSTICE had gone to her bedroom early that night, complaining of a headache. But when at the call of "Time, please," the patrons of the taproom of the "Cosworth Arms" finished up their drinks and tramped noisily out into the rainy night, Anstice was only a few yards beneath their feet.

She gazed up at the white-washed joists of the tap-room floor, her heart beating hard. She was cold, and just a little scared. It had not seemed so lonely with that hum of conversation overhead, and the scuffling of heavy boots; but now, after the final slamming of doors, an eerie quiet settled upon the place.

A jangle of keys sent her scurrying to the hiding-place she had prepared in a great mass of lumber at the far end of the cellar. Anstice, huddled behind an old packing-case, heard the slashing of the rain outside, and presently her father's voice sounded, muffled and indistinct, bidding Bealing good-night.

Anstice's forehead wrinkled in

pain. Even at that distance she recognised the slurred speech which told her that her father had been drinking heavily again.

Bealing answered respectfully, "Very well, sir. I'll see that everything is fastened." She heard him pottering about for some minutes; then silence reigned, save for the occasional howling of the wind.

She flashed her torch carefully about the gaunt, whitewashed chamber. Over by the bins there was a trestle and some lengths of sawn wood where Bealing had been working.

Anstice fell into a sort of sleepy musing, her mind wandering at random from one subject to another.

Something creaked loudly, and brought Anstice back with a start of alarm from dreams to facts. She felt ashamed of her nervousness, and glanced once more at the time. It was a quarter to eleven—she had been dreaming for nearly half an hour. She rose to her feet, her joints stiff, her body thoroughly chilled. She must get to work at once.

Then the creaking sounded again, this time much more clearly, and real alarm seized upon her. She switched off her torch. It was no question of imagination. Some one was coming down the cellar stairs. A ray of light showed at the bottom of the steps, and she heard the sound of the opening door.

Bealing's voice was saying, "Go steady, now." She heard his step on the ladder. Then Watson broke in, in a cautious whisper, "Show the light while I close this door, will you?"

Frantically Anstice groped her way back to her hiding-place: and for an instant panic seized her. Then the urgency of the position drove panic from her mind, and she crouched amid the lumber, scarcely daring to breathe, while Bealing, clad in old flannel trousers and a grey woollen cardigan jacket, flashed his powerful torch all round the cellar, and Mr. Harold Watson, similarly attired, moved briskly across the floor, displaying no sign of that strained ankle which had kept him from walking without assistance throughout the day.

Watson gazed about him.

"You've been pretty busy, Clive." He indicated the lumber behind which Anstice lay hidden.

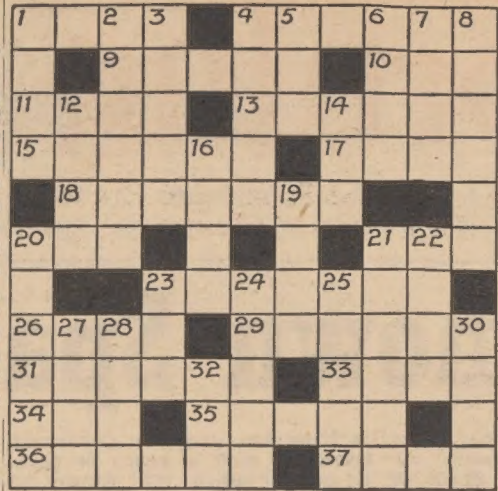
"Oh that," Bealing said indifferently. "That's nothing. The real job's here." He went across to the wine bins. "Now come on, Jim, we've no time to waste. Give me a hand."

Anstice peered with wondering eyes from her concealment. She was no longer frightened; intense interest and excitement possessed her. Moving with the utmost care, she shifted her position so that she might get a better view.

The two men seized hold of the shelf of one of the bins, and tugged carefully. Slowly the thing came away from the wall together with the shelf above it. Bealing gave a little chuckle of satisfaction.

"Not a bad bit of work, eh, Jim?" he said. "I fixed that arrangement this afternoon, and damned nearly got caught too, by Pendrew and that Enslow woman. I only just managed to

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Scandinavian.
- 4 Vegetable acid.
- 9 Make merry.
- 10 Ash.
- 11 Famous river.
- 13 Stone.
- 15 Make illegible.
- 17 Employer.
- 18 Farm workers.
- 20 Formidable.
- 21 Beam.
- 23 Dense smoke.
- 26 Medieval tale.
- 29 Lets.
- 31 Slanted.
- 33 Liquid container.
- 34 Consumed.
- 35 Much debated.
- 36 Duty list.
- 37 Following.

PAD HEEL CO  
AGILE BEGUN  
LEMON BOAR  
L EARS RIM  
IN DYE OBOE  
DONE AIL S  
MARE MIRTH  
HIT VAPOUR  
UNITED SCAN  
SEVERAL HIE  
KEEN MOMENT

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Metal.
- 2 Benefit.
- 3 Punitive.
- 4 Conical tent.
- 5 Drink.
- 6 Catches.
- 7 Man.
- 8 Fruit.
- 12 Forbid.
- 14 Vehicle.
- 16 Shell-fish.
- 19 Scold angrily.
- 20 Soldier.
- 21 Live.
- 22 Region.
- 23 Destroy insidiously.
- 24 Senior.
- 25 Refuge.
- 27 Voice.
- 28 Proceeds.
- 30 Lath.
- 32 Time before.

get some planks over the hole before they were here."

"Well, let's get at it," said Watson.

Bealing picked up a torch and shone it on the stairs.

"You locked the door all right?" he queried.

Watson nodded.

"Come on then; show me a light."

They passed out of Anstice's sight, hidden by an angle of the bins. She could see the bright glare of light, and great, ghostly shadows thrown on the white-washed wall.

Anstice was aching to crane forward and see what was going on. But she refrained, and now a great sense of elation came to her. She had discovered the secret of Parker's Hoard. Here was the way into that underground treasure-house which held her fortune.

Watson exclaimed:

"My God, Clive. There's a passage all right."

Presently the two men were back in the cellar, the butler mopping the sweat from his face and Watson talking quickly in a low, excited tone. They were arguing. Anstice caught the words: "Bad air . . . enough for to-night . . . take no chances . . ."

Bealing broke in roughly: "Chances be damned. Pendrew's as drunk as a lord; you could pull the house down and he'd never know."

The butler overbore his companion, but not before he had tipped up the stairs and listened carefully for some time. Then once more the two men disappeared into the passage. Their light grew fainter and fainter, and at last faded altogether.

For Anstice, the strain was almost unendurable. She imagined Bealing and Watson already at the hoard, filling their pockets with gold and silver, and jewels perhaps.

Minutes passed, slowly as hours.

Anstice could move more freely now, but she dared not use her torch. At times she thought of making a bolt for it then and getting out before the men returned, so that she might not know the worst. But she pulled herself together and continued her vigil.

It was very dark and still, and Anstice felt her nerves getting out of control. She felt she could stand the strain no longer; the dark, silent place seemed to choke her, to threaten nameless menace, and she started forward instinctively, set only on escape.

But it was too late. Rumbling indistinctly from the bowels of the earth she heard voices, small and dull. Then a little patch of light danced on the wall and grew clearer.

Bealing was swearing in deliberate, vicious tones. Anstice's hopes revived as she heard him. They could not have found the treasure.

The butler was speaking of the affair as a fraud, qualifying "fraud" in the broadest terms. He appeared to be blaming his companion, who retorted angrily; and they spoke of a book.

"If there was anything there, as your infernal book suggests, some one's cleared it up years ago," said Bealing in disgust.

Anstice could see them clearly now: both men's clothes smeared with slime, their faces angry, and their hair dishevelled.

"Well, I think it's worth going on with," Watson said defensively. Bealing stopped short. "Yes," he said "dynamite."

The two men went up the stairs.

(To be continued)

## QUIZ for today

1. Similor is a figure of speech, dress material, alloy used for ornaments, good portrait, laughing boy?

2. Who wrote (a) The Idiot, (b) The Idiot Boy, (c) Told by an Idiot?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Lion, Tiger, Cheetah, Jaguar, Puma, Leopard, Hyena.

4. What name is given to the sealskin boat made by Eskimos?

5. What is the most easterly port in Asia?

6. Who invented the typewriter, and when?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Fantasy, Fantasm, Fanciful, Fantam, Fanatical, Fanfair.

8. Where is the largest bell in the world, and what does it weigh (in round figures)?

9. Who were the Malipants?

10. What was Nell Gwynn's real name?

11. About how many religions are there in India? Guess.

12. How many elements can you name beginning with I?

## Answers to Quiz in No. 368

1. Fish.
2. (a) Milton, (b) Coleridge.
3. Barometer is not a navigating instrument; others are.
4. 17th century.
5. Nile.
6. Thomas Carlyle.
7. Opener, Opinant.
8. Giraffe, Vicuna, Wildcat.
9. Adam Smith.
10. Toronto University, Canada.
11. Three-eighths.
12. Venus, Aphrodite, Asarte, Eros (Cupid), etc.



### GRANDDAD HAS AN ARMFUL.

He lives near the Fish Temple, about ten miles from Nanking, does this happy Granddad, and he is carrying his granddaughter to a local baby show, confident that she will win a prize. Her dress is of bright colours, and her headgear has a fringe of black silk and jet. She is padded all over. And if she doesn't get a prize, we'll say she deserves one.

## JANE



## WANGLING WORDS—315

1. Put a moke in HARED, and it will be tormented.
2. In the following proverb, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Eno hotaner dogo versed nurt.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word, with each alteration, change LOVE into HATE and then back again into LOVE, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the hidden vegetable in: Did you spot a tomato in the shops this morning? (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 314

1. Grilled.
2. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
3. WEST, lest, last, EAST, cast, wast, WEST.
4. P-or-cup-in-e.



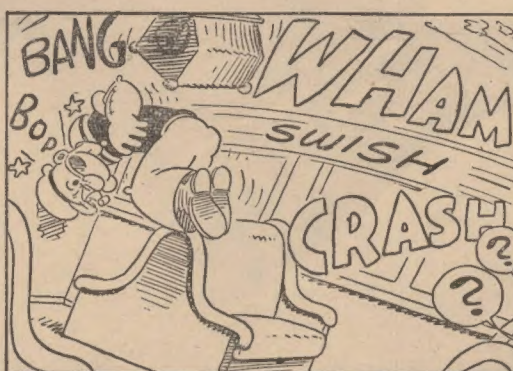
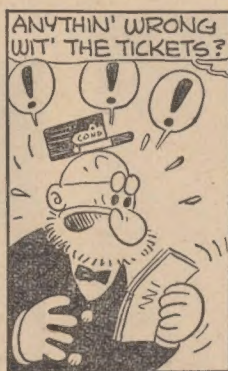
## BEELZEBUB JONES



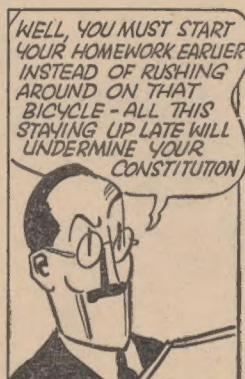
## BELINDA



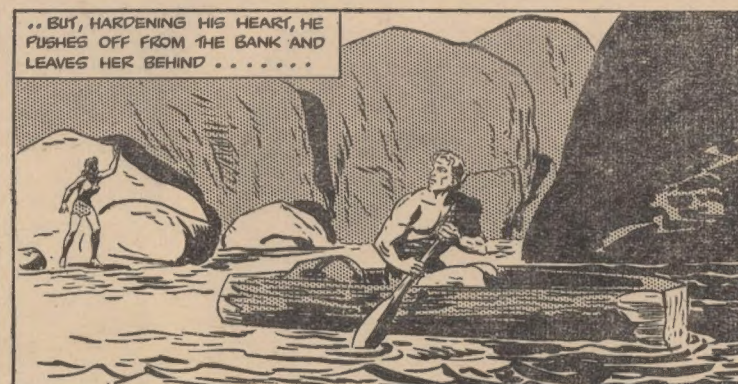
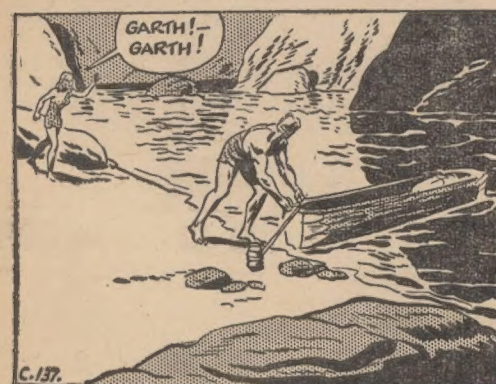
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

## THE DEMOCRATIC WARRIOR.

WE fight not only for democracy, but with it. It is democracy that has armed our men, not only materially, but in their minds as well. This is a thing that can be seen most clearly in the air. One of the principles of a democratic way of life is that all shall share in the produce of that life. At the present stage of civilisation that means machines. The Japanese Fascists do not permit as much of their population to have access to the machines they produce as the democratic peoples do. . . (They) found intelligent men who could be trained in the course of a year or so to pilot an aeroplane and fight it by the book, but there is no instinct for the machine in those men. Mastery over the machine is not a reflex with them as it is with Americans. They have to think out their moves, and while they are thinking, Americans are shooting.

Ira Wolfert (War Correspondent).

## TO ENJOY ART.

THE understanding of art is, of course, a cult; and the effort to describe in words what has been said in stone or paint or music must at the best lack the particular virtue of the work described, otherwise the translation would be the work of art itself. . . . The understanding of all the greatest works of art is a matter of deep and serious study; the infinite pleasure to be had from them would not be infinite if the bluntest intelligence could find it all on the surface.

Wyndham Gooden.

## WE MUST PLAN, BUT HOW?

"TO plan or not to plan" has become a debating chestnut; but this antithesis misconstrues the issue. That issue is not between planning and no-planning (as Mr. Oscar Hobson has said, "Every business enterprise, whether nationalised or private, big or small, must plan continuously if it is to escape bankruptcy"); it does not even turn on the extent of planning; its crux is the type of planning, and the ends with which it is pursued.

Elliott Dodds.

## THE SLAV TEMPERAMENT.

ADMITTING as one must the immense virtues of the Slav temperament, their capacity for self-sacrifice and their great imaginative gifts, it is disconcerting to the Western European to observe their lack of outline, their unhappy propensity to excess. What to us would be a brisk Sunday walk along the fields becomes for them some mystical pilgrimage across endless steppes, endured in a deliberate mood either of misery or happiness; always are they lashed into a whirlwind by a sigh. A passing idea for them is apt to expand suddenly into a whole philosophy; a stirring of pleasurable affection becomes in their wide hearts a deep and often torturing passion; their chuckles turn into loud bursts of wild laughter, their sighs into torments of unutterable misery.

Harold Nicolson.

## KILLING CULTURE.

I DO not think many of us realise yet how widely the intellectual and cultural resources of the conquered countries have been destroyed. The Japanese, and especially the Germans, have with calculated thoroughness murdered students, teachers, professional and political leaders; in fact, everyone whom they thought might inspire people to resist their tyranny. Unless the orderly processes of education are restored, the youth of these tortured countries will constitute the breeding-ground for violence and disorder, for the Fascism of the future.

Hon. J. W. Fulbright (U.S.A. Congress).

## LONELY, BORED.

OF all the ordeals that man may have to put up with in life, boredom is incontestably the worst. . . . When you choose to pick for yourself some lonely, unsettled place . . . you have to know how to handle your loneliness. It doesn't take you long to discover the one essential truth. There are only two types of man (or woman) who can make a success of such a life. One is a person with a very good mind—a man (or woman) who can find a life of great interest (not consolation, mind you) between the covers of the books that he will get with every mail, whenever that comes; or a person who has a brain which appreciates the beauty or the awfulness of the landscape around him. The other is a person with no brain at all. Just the full-belly type.

Negley Farson.

## TO UNDERSTAND MUSIC.

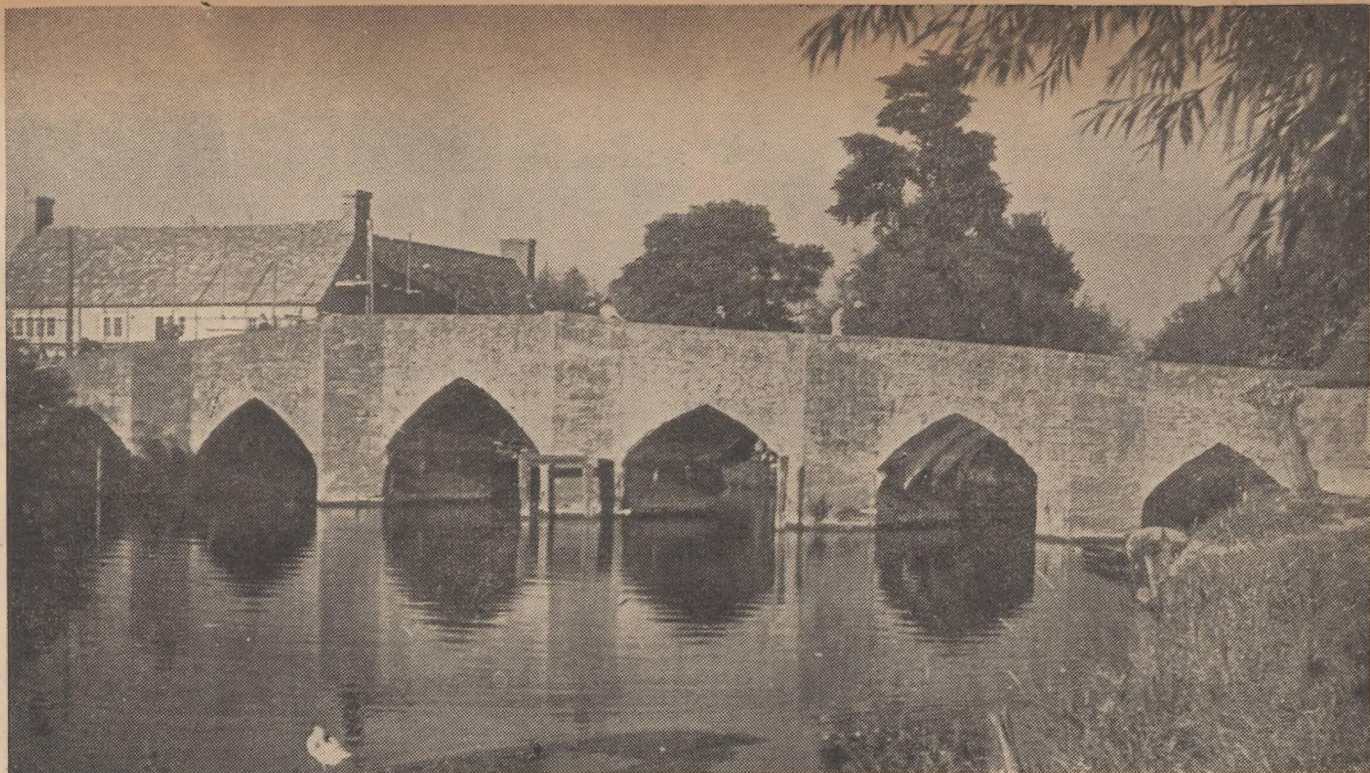
EXPERIENCE of life is as necessary to the understanding of the profounder music as it is necessary to the understanding of life itself, of the mystery of which all major art is, after all, only an interpretation given us by great and gifted men in order that we may better enjoy life or endure it. . . . And we cannot get all we should out of great music without experience of life, so we cannot get all we might if we do not possess, and, possessing, do not use our imagination when listening to great music.

Robert Nichols.



# Good Morning

Rearguard action  
at the  
barricades.



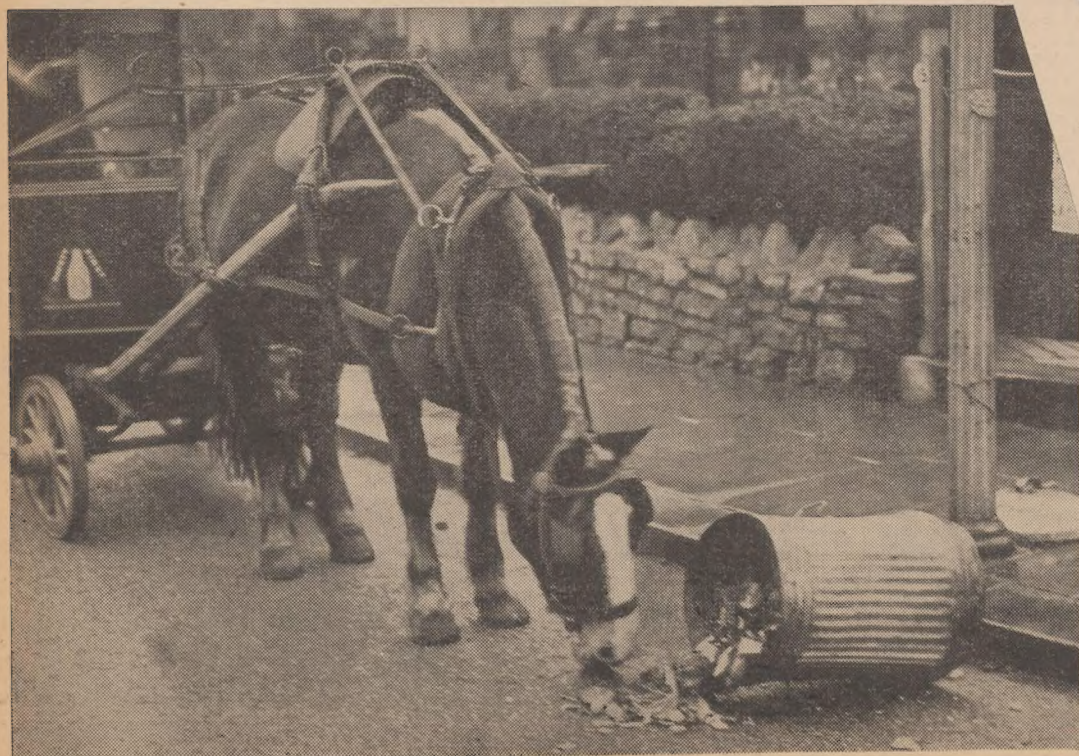
## This England

The old Norman bridge spanning the Thames at Abingdon, Berks. This is one of the oldest bridges in England.

Over my shoulder goes one—  
what? Well,  
you can see.



Punch, a Bristol milkman's horse, was the subject of a long argument at the City Council, because he insists upon pinching from salvage bins.



"Gor blimey, Spot. You won't half cop it when your mistress comes home and finds you've been chewing up her favourite dolly!"



Feeding rats with vitamins A and D doesn't sound an exciting pastime. But by watching the rats' reactions we get valuable data on nutritional problems.

### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'd give 'em  
'reaction'."

